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HOBSON'S CHOICE—YOU CAN GO, OR STAY.

PUCK.

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UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF - - - - - J. S. KEPPLER
BUSINESS-MANAGER - - - - - A. SCHWARZMANN
EDITOR - - - - - H. C. BUNNER

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The INDEX TO VOLUME XVIII. is now ready, and can be had on application at this office, without charge, or will be mailed to any address gratis.

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KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,
Publishers of PUCK.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

The sacredness of vested rights is a beautiful thing, and from time to time this great principle gives occasion for some uncommonly rich and variegated productions in the way of logic. It would not surprise us if a bill

for the further suppression of burglary were defeated in any legislative body where it might be introduced, on the ground that it would interfere with the business of the makers of handcuffs, and would force the "fences" to raise their prices. You think, perhaps, that this is a bit of playful exaggeration. Well, it is not. It is just that sort of reasoning that has defeated all attempts hitherto to establish international copyright in books—"reasoning" just as wild, just as immoral, just as unreasonable.

One great argument against doing the honest thing in the matter of copyright is that it will make books more expensive. That is, the woman in the cheap boarding-house must have her cheap books, even if a thousand hard-worked writers in other parts of the world have to suffer, and even if an entire nation in this part of the world is disgraced. Now, we respectfully submit that this woman has come too much to the front in this discussion. She has no business there whatever. She has not a right to cheap literature if the cheapness is at the producers' expense. We don't see what natural right she has to cheap literature at all. She has no right to get her food or her clothes cheaper than people can afford to make them and sell them.

Why has she a right to cheap literature? Is there anything in the divine economy of nature that gives her a right to make an author work for her for nothing? Is it because literature is to educate her? Let her pay her school-teacher. She could not get French lessons or music lessons for two cents an hour—which is what she pays for her literary education when she buys a novel for twenty cents and gets ten hours' reading out of it. If she told her gentlemanly French teacher and her accomplished German instructor in music that she needed an education, and that they must give it to her for nothing, because they were foreigners, they—*they* would sink international differences and join

hands and tell her she was a fool, and a dishonest fool.

This educational-freebooting argument is bad all through. As a matter of fact, what are our pauper students getting, in the way of literary education, out of the free libraries? Are *they* the people who read Thackeray and Ruskin and Tennyson and Carlyle and Austin Dobson and R. L. Stevenson and Frederic Maurice and Herbert Spencer and Philip Gilbert Hamerton and the other purveyors of various sorts of good literature? No, indeed, they are not. They are people who get their "education" out of Ouida and Miss Braddon and Rhoda Broughton. That is the "education" their delicate impecunious systems crave. And it is our opinion that if the establishment of international copyright effected only this one thing—made these books too costly to get into general circulation—it would be worth fighting for.

Moreover, while the people are being educated at the expense of the author, they are also being educated in dishonesty, hardness of heart and contempt of the ten commandments. That is an education that is dear at any price. It were better that books should cost a dollar a page than that such a gospel should be accepted by this country. That is the plain English of it.

The day of expensive books is gone by forever, we may remark incidentally. Publisher and author both find their account in giving the public its reading on reasonable terms. No man will charge a dollar for a book if he can sell more copies at fifty cents. But if this were not so, we should still demand international copyright as a *right*. And we should still assert that there is no natural and inalienable right vested in the cheap reader to be served with literature—even cheap literature—at less than cost price.

WE CAN BE HIGH-TONED, TOO.



This Style Pillar Table, Handsomely Finished, \$15.

The "Society Drawings" in our Black Contemporary, *Life*, seem to be popular. Not to be Outdone, We Publish One of Our Own, Made After the Same Recipe.

WE HAD a great time moving; but now that we are moved we can laugh at it all. Everything was upside down, and just where it couldn't be found. The editorial shears were up-stairs in the composing room beer-kettle, the check-book got into the reviewing department, where it received a flattering notice, the mucilage was upset on the pens, the bonds stole into the telephone box, and the office-boy got anchored under the safe, where we kept him for several days, that we might know where he was when wanted. Every one was giving orders to every one else, and an invalid wood-engraver—made an invalid by an aggrieved artist—spent his time riding up and down on the trucks for his health. PUCK was set up in the dark. The type was all mixed up in baskets and bags, and the compositors had to run to the window with each letter to see what it was. Yet the paper was bright and lively. We have now got the shavings and nails out of our hair, and feel happy and just in trim to keep the country in a state of hilarity for some time to come. If you would be in this condition yourself, don't lose a minute, but purchase PICKINGS FROM PUCK, First Crop, [Seventeenth Edition,] now ready. Also PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1886. Price, twenty-five cents each. For sale by all newsdealers.

Mailed to any address on receipt of thirty cents.

PASS IT THIS WAY, PLEASE.

He kissed her!
Not with the loud, explosive smack
He kissed her;
But with a tender laying on of lips,
As gently as the stars lie on the blue
He touched the sweet, uncertain mouth,
In doubt to meet his kiss half-way,
In doubt if it would come unsought.
Delicious doubt, dear hesitant!
It came as come those organ-notes
In music, welling from the heart,
Deep, tremulous and yearning; full
Of ecstasy prolonged, prolonged, prolonged,
He kissed her.
Yes, he did,
And put it there to soak,
You bet!
Yum yum!

WILL. J. LAMPTON.

QUAKER CITY NEWS.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 23rd, 1886.

WM. H. PUCK.

Dear Editor—Sir:

In my last "cablegram" from this province, I believe I left off at the end.

A committee of society women has taken in hand the matter of a gymnasium for girls. They say girls need to develop their lungs as much as boys. What do you think of it? Certainly lungs are very nice, convenient things. A great Philadelphia doctor, an enthusiast on the subject of "wind," says he never goes out in winter without taking one or two lungs along. I think his enthusiasm carries him too far: still, there is something in it. A great many women have sound lungs, though. If the "gym" is opened, I will try to get you tickets for their first field-sports.

I have to chronicle a very sad case of death in this province. A stranger from the interior came down to Philadelphia, and in half-an-hour was picked up insensible on the street.

At the inquest it was found that he had swallowed a *full cup* of Schuylkill water *without chewing* it. The water is pretty bad; but we can't be responsible when a man acts that way, you know. Our water is certainly nutritious, if properly masticated. A medical friend tells me you could live indefinitely on Schuylkill water—I myself have heard of men living indefinitely on the ocean.

Ex Postmaster Huidekoper is not receiving as many letters as formerly.

Ultra-fashionable Philadelphians, at this season, are making trips to Atlantic City, which is just now comparatively free from Thomas, Richard and Henry, who are now for the most part "workin'."

If you would like to go, let me know, as I have a friend down there who owns the first three rows of waves, and controls the Monday and Saturday sea-breeze. But he is eccentric, and likes to sleep under the board-walk.

Any trouble with stopping?

Yours to command,

CHARLEY CHESTNUT,
Bet. 8th and 9th.

P. S.—Several Philadelphia papers have started weakly editions; but I suppose you have heard that before, so I won't mention it, if you won't.

C. C.

SURE TO DRAW.

"We have called the Rev. Dr. Blank to our church, next year."

"You don't mean it! I never heard of him. What church has he ever had? Is he a famous preacher?"

"Famous preacher? Should say he was. He has been indicted by a grand jury twice, and was three times suspended from the ministry in four years. I expect we shall have to build an addition to our church in six months."

THOSE HORRID SUNDAY PAPERS.



"Why, Josiah—not ready for church!"
"Can't think of church to-day, my dear; am not half through with the papers."

Puckerings.

VERBUM SAP.

By PUCK'S
Patent Verbum Sapper.

Oh, March will shortly
be howling here,
And fill us with worry
and fume and fret—
If we don't take our house
for another year,
It will soon wear upon
the front door "To
Let."



And people will flock to examine the place,
And they'll cover the carpet and floor with mud,
And over the premises madly race,
In a maddening, gossiping, questioning flood.

Soon will the March winds wildly blow,
And over the barren meadows chase,
And whirl your silk hat a mile or so,
And cut like a dagger your ears and face.

Soon will the millionaire southward fly,
To bask in the sun on some tropical cape,
And soon will the shad-bones make you cry,
And twist your features all out of shape.

They'll wear out the door-bell right to the roots,
And ask if the roof or boiler leaks,
And if the mosquito in summer toots,
Or malaria there its victim seeks.

They'll ask if the landlord makes the repairs,
And then if he makes them without a fight—
While they languidly tilt in your slenderest chairs,
And fill you with horror from morn till night.

Avoid all these troubles, and know good cheer,
By going straight off to the landlord man,
And taking the house for another year,
And making him lower the rent—if you can.

IN THE LONG RUN—Weston and O'Leary.

THE CENTURY PLANT—Burial of Washington's Body-Servant.

THE "TRAVELERS," OF HARTFORD—Mark Twain and Charles Dudley Warner.

SULLIVAN is barred by all pugilists, no matter how high their ambition may be. We should like to see Sullivan barred by the law, also.

HYDROPHOBIA CAUSED by the bites of several mad mules is almost an epidemic in Jackson township, Miss. This would go to prove that the Mississippi mules are fatal at both ends.

A MAN SIGNING his name as Billy Barry asks permission to jump from High Bridge. It is not believed any objections will be made, if he makes a suitable provision for recovering his body and defraying his funeral expenses.

HENRY HACKETT, of Shawtown, complains to an Albany paper that he recently spent an afternoon with some members of the Legislative Lobby, and was "drugged, blindfolded and robbed." We don't understand the drugging and blindfolding part of his story.

A GREAT UNDERTAKING—Burying the Fat Woman.

TOO BIG FOR HIS BOOTS—The Chicagoan.

A PRETTY PLIGHT—The Maiden's Yea.

A KILLING AFFAIR—An English Joke.

HANGING FIRE—The Chandelier.

A GREAT HEAD—The Cabbage.

BEATS THE DECK—The Cabin.

LEVEL-HEADED—The Snake.

VERY MUCH CUT UP—Hash.

A CAST-OFF—The Anchor.

IT IS SELDOM that a man is sufficiently color-blind not to be able to tell a green-back when he sees it.

A DELAWARE WINTER.

What do I know about a Delaware winter? Ah, John Henry, I know a great deal about a Delaware winter, for have I not trusted it as a gentle little thing? And then, have I not wrapped myself in a large, warm mustard-plaster, and laid me down to repent? Verily, I have a shaking acquaintance with a Delaware winter, and I charge you by the love I bear you, John Henry, trust it not when it smiles.

If I could rip a Delaware winter into strips, and bunch the cold strips, the warm strips, the wet strips, the dry strips, and all the other sorts of strips, each with the rest of its kind, I would have a winter I could point to with pride; but as it is, I could not conscientiously put a Delaware winter on exhibition, and charge a trusting people an admission-fee to test its breath.

Delaware can raise her twitter and brag about her luscious peaches, but I trust she has too much modesty to offer to rent out her winters to invalids at even a nominal price. She may justly claim, however, to offer as much variety in a winter as any other state in the Union. Variety is the strong and conspicuous feature of a Delaware winter. Everything else must step aside and give variety the front row. When old variety is used up, a Delaware winter slides out with a melancholy wail, and leaves the peach-orchards to the care of balmy spring.

The only thing you can feel dead sure of in connection with a Delaware winter is that the future is chock-full of weather surprises for you. You may safely wager your overcoat that the next hour will bring an entirely new suit of weather—something that you never felt in the way of weather before, and will never want to feel again.

A Delaware winter sets in the day before you order your coal. It comes in not as a lamb, but as a long-tailed lion with a deep bass roar and cold feet, and makes you fire up the heaters and get into your warmest clothes. The next day, very likely, you'll be looking for your cobweb underwear and palm-leaf fan.

You can never tell what a Delaware winter is going to do until it does it. You may roll yourself up in two pairs of blankets, while the wind without is howling, screeching, shorting, growling, and the water-pipes are bursting in the gloaming, Polly Ann, and before morning you may want to kick yourself loose and hunt a cool room. Again, you may sink into sweet repose with not much of anything over you but a smile of content, and in the morning you'll wish with all your might you hadn't; for there will be ice in your water-pitcher, like enough, and you'll not get thoroughly thawed out until three o'clock the next afternoon.

The chief business of a Delaware winter is to freeze a kind and conservative people one day, and thaw them out the next; but occasionally, to vary the monotony of such a course, it will freeze them so hard in one day that two days will be required to complete the thawing stage. No spring that thinks anything of herself ever permits a Delaware winter to linger in her lap. If he should try it, the fickle old scamp would get a hoist that would drive his backbone a full yard through the top of his hat, and no more would be heard of him for a good long sweet while.

No gentle poet comes into Delaware and strikes his lyre in praise of a Delaware winter. If a gentle poet should thus dare to add to the miseries of those who have to endure a Delaware winter, we should wrap him in a mustard-plaster as big as a barn-door, pour him full of nux vomica, belladonna, capsicum, stramonium, podophyllin, and any other sort of stuff that had a good long solid name, put his feet in boiling water, pack his head in ice, and then present him to the grand-jury as a common nuisance.

Those who do not know a Delaware winter as well as I do may think I am too severe on it; but, John Henry, I would ask: Does the man who has been hit by a pile driver indite a sonnet to it? Does the person who has been swallowed by an alligator without his consent go around soliciting subscriptions to repair the roof of the alligator's mouth? Does the individual who sits down upon the buzz-saw while it is buzzing rise up in two pieces and call it blessed? Does the unfortunate who has, time and again, in the midst of a Delaware winter, wrapped himself in thought and laid him down to pleasant dreams, one hour before the coming of a cold wave that freezes the water-pipes and congeals the marrow in the unfortunate's Gothic back-bone, offer resolutions of thanks to a Delaware winter? I should say no, and with considerable emphasis, John Henry.

I have lived through several Delaware winters, and bloomed again in the spring from amid the mustard-plasters and health-food prescribed by doctors and anxious friends; but I have also been jostled by a cyclone and kicked by a mouse-colored mule.

I do not desire to convey the impression that Delaware can justly claim as all her own the fickle old winter I have tried to describe in my feeble way. It is a pretty big winter, and sticks out to some extent over parts of adjoining states. You can shake hands with it in Pennsylvania, Maryland and New Jersey.

SCOTT WAY.

A RECENT WRITER says that incineration of the dead is common in Alaska. Ice-cremation must certainly be easier there than burial.

CURRENT COMMENT.

HAWTHORNE SAID, once: "It is not every wife that is worth her weight in silver." So a number of coachmen who married their employers' daughters have discovered to their sorrow, if the newspapers are to be credited.

A PHILADELPHIA MAN predicts the end of the world three centuries hence. It seems a pity that the world must come to an end just as Philadelphia is likely to loom up and amount to something.

"BUSINESS COLLEGES," remarks David Swing: "may make a clerk, but never a man." This applies particularly, we infer, when the clerk happens to be a woman.

"HERE IS your Shakspeare, Mrs. Badger," observed Tommy Briggs, returning the volume: "Mama is very much obliged for it. She liked the book very much."

IT IS a matter of wonderment that a great many men who occasionally "drop into poetry" are not fatally injured by the distance they fall.

"DILIGENCE is the mother of good luck"; but that diligence which makes a man attend to other people's business is only a mother-in-law.

IN A HOTEL paper we read that the "season at the Southern resorts opens slowly." Why not try an ice-pick?

WHEN A COMPOSITOR wants pie, he goes to the devil for it.

AT THE BATTERY.



"What's that comin' along, Pop?"

"From its size an' ginerall appearance, I reckon it's a man-o'-war, Jeremiah."

"An' the little thing draggin' it is a woman-o'-war, I s'pose."

"Why so, Jeremiah?"

"'Cause I heard you say that men was always dragged inter war by the wimmin."

SOME POPULAR IDEAS OF WHAT TO DO IN CASE OF ACCIDENT.



When a skater breaks through the ice, run for help to the nearest house, even if it is a mile and a quarter away.



When a child bumps its head, scream as loud as possible.



When a lady faints, pour plenty of water over her.



When any one is hurt in the street, crowd around as closely as possible, to prevent any air from reaching the sufferer.

DUELING IMPROVED.

An original style of duel was fought a few days ago between two gentlemen of African descent. It appears that they both aspired to the hand of a young lady who had never given any sign that she preferred either of them. It appears, however, that she felt morally obliged to give herself to one or the other, for she consented to act as stake-holder of herself and the gate-receipts.

The two gentlemen, having a high opinion of the thickness and hardness of their skulls, decided to settle their claims by a butting-match, the man who butted the other out to take the gate-receipts, and the girl to be thrown in.

This suggests a future for dueling which is at once encouraging and picturesque. Heretofore young gentlemen in what are known as the upper circles of society have hesitated about repairing to the field of honor to settle their difficulties, owing, firstly, to the possibility of being

obliged to pay a visit to a vulgar police-court, and, secondly, because of the remote chance that one of them might accidentally shoot the other.

These difficulties are now happily removed. Two young gentlemen who feel aggrieved toward one another can resort to butting as a means of healing wounded honor. Of course, in the case of gentlemen in polite society, the victory would not depend so much on the question of who had the hardest head as on that of who had the softest. The tender and yielding quality of the high-born occiput is well nigh proverbial. It follows, then, that two gentlemen in a duel of butting would do each other so little harm that the gory field of honor would at once be transformed into a harmless and amusing circus.

Thus we see that the humblest agencies are continually effecting changes for good in the

development of modern civilization, and we may expect to see the action of two unknown colored men producing a revolution in modern society.

There is but one drawback to the effectiveness of the new mode of dueling. It appears that when the combat between the two colored gentlemen had come to an end, and one was butted into a cheerful unlikeness to humanity, the young lady, with that perversity for which her sex is famous, proceeded to announce that she preferred the whipped man, and forthwith handed over to him herself and also the gate-receipts. It is to be feared that in duels between young gentlemen of society in which a lady was the *casus belli* the result would be similar; for it cannot be denied that the average youth of the upper circles would be infinitely more agreeable, as well as useful, after having had the head butted clear off him.

W. J. HENDERSON.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.



HUSBAND (turning up his collar).—"There's another cold wave coming in a very few minutes."

WIFE.—"Why, Charles, how do you know?"

HUSBAND (with a shiver).—"Cause I forgot to bring home that new bonnet for you."

THE STAGE THREATENED.

We suspect our once highly-esteemed contemporary, the *Sun*, of a purpose to undermine the sources of livelihood of the ballet-dancer and chorus-singer, to mar the established symmetry of American theatrical audiences, and to shake the very foundations of the stage itself, evidently hoping to accomplish its nefarious designs under cover of a commotion over such comparatively unimportant trifles as the silver question, the prevalence of measles in Farther India, and the Pan Electric suit.

The *Sun* is adroit in its methods; but the eye of rectitude pierces the gloom of corruption, and when, on Friday of last week, there appeared in the columns of our contemporary an inquiry concerning a remedy for baldness, our suspicions were aroused. The next day the fearful doubt became a horrible certainty, when the following reply to the inquiry appeared, purporting to be from an outside correspondent:

Two friends and I talked over, a year ago, the fact of our becoming bald rapidly, and we tried a suggested remedy with unqualified success, our hair having regrown over all the bald spots. Here is what we did: First, had good ventilators put in our hats. Second, removed our hats from our heads at lunch-counters and whenever indoors. Third, stopped drinking spirits, and took temperance drinks and malt liquors only. Fourth, washed our heads with soap (Castile) and warm water, and with a flesh-brush, twice a week, and after rubbed alcohol in to cleanse the pores of the skin better and prevent taking cold. To keep out dandruff and to keep the head cool will encourage the growth of the hair, I am sure. This remedy my father, seventy years of age, recommended, and he has not a bald spot on his head.

It is not, however, so much the process of overcoming baldness as it is the frightful result that we reprehend. The public will, no doubt, become accustomed to see all the bald-headed men remove their ventilated hats at the lunch-counter, and, while their abstinence from spirits may depress the liquor traffic, their ablutions

will be confined to the privacy of their chambers. But what will compensate conservative theatre-goers for the iconoclastic jar upon their sensibilities caused by the transformation of the thin front rows—which now, regarded from the gallery, resemble a cobble-stone pavement—to monotonous consistency with the remainder of the house? And will they contemplate with equanimity a cranially hirsute operator upon the bass-viol? Serious as is the consideration of these unpleasant possibilities, they shrink into insignificance when compared with the prospective wail of the supperless chorus-girl, and the grief of the flowerless ballet-dancer. Indeed, traced to its legitimate conclusion, the disappearance of the bald-headed man threatens the downfall of the stage itself. It is conceded by sociologists that among savage tribes where there are no bald-headed men there are no chorus-girls, and consequently no theatres; and though Huxley tried to prove that these conditions existed independent of each other, scientists generally agree that the circumstances are an illustration of natural cause and effect. The same view was held by Thales, Anaximenes and other pre-Socratic philosophers, who investigated the subject as a minor issue of their researches into a question with which science has unsuccessfully grappled ever since—the baldness of the man who plays the bass-viol.

In support of this argument, Agassiz mentions the case of an eminent Athenian who was endowed with baldness, and had been the main-stay of the chorus of an "Evangeline" troupe at the Panathenaic Stadium, who was induced, to try a hair-invigorator compounded by a Dacian slave, from the effects of which he grew not only a new head of hair, but a top-knot, after which he could not be induced to approach nearer the foot-lights than the fourteenth row, and began to use his family-chariot in the evening, instead of hiring a coupé from a livery-stable.

Pursuing the same theory, Spencer mentions a savage of the Maori race in Central Australia—whose name is withheld for the sake of his relatives—and who had never left the primeval forests or seen a white man. This native's hair fell out after an attack of fever, and so soon as he became bald, he developed a remarkable fondness for the front logs at war-dances, and invariably invited the ladies who participated to *kangaroo à la bordelaise* and cocoanut-milk afterward; but so soon as his hair grew out again, he dropped the practice forever.

In view of these circumstances, and to avert the danger impending, we call upon the public to throw vitriol upon every reforming bald-head, if they would insure the permanency of the stage.

F. MARSHALL WHITE.

BOSTON'S FASHIONABLE FOIBLES.

"Where have you been, dear?"

"Down to the Science Matinée."

"Did you like it, dear?"

"It was just splendid. Professor Bottles gave a lecture on 'The Advisability of Prolonged Anæsthetization.' It was simply lovely; and Dr. Nester's paper on 'The Hæmostatic Properties of Ambrosia Artemesiæfolia' was just too sweet for anything. You must be sure and come down with me next week."

PIKE COUNTY PHILOSOPHY.

ACCORDING TO THE OLD SETTLER.

The sayin' th't it's better to give th'n to receive is a good un, giner'ly speakin'; but when I heerd a feller crack it wunst, in refusin' to receive a bad shillin' from a poor cuss th't he had give it to hisself only a minute afore, I thort to m'self, b'gosh, that even the best o' sayin's was liable to warp a leetle, wunst in a while.

I heerd a feller say, wunst, an' he were a pooty tol'able decent chap, too, th't he'd ruther be right th'n be President. Wull, now, boys, that ruther depends a leetle on sarcumstances. If he means president o' the Chucktown Sheep-Thief Detectin' S'ciety, I'm with him; but if he means president of a railroad, or President o' this great an' glorious kentry—wull, I won't say 'dzac'ly th't I'm agin him, but I'm a-thinkin' th't I'd s'arch the dictionary from the interduction clean through to the hog-Latin in the hind-end, an' find out inter jis' what shape the meanin' o' right could be twisted, afore I'd go an' commit myself. I would, b'gosh!

Thuz a heap o' folks ez calls 'emselfs Christians th't seems to furgit all about the Lord till they'm in danger, or want sumpin' powerful bad, an' when I run ag'in one o' that kind, I alluz think o' ole Bill Jump an' the b'ar. Bill were goin' through the woods, one day, an' he met a big b'ar. Bill didn't want to fight, but the b'ar did an' were boun' to. Bill see he were in fur it, an' got skeert a little. So he flopped down on his hard ole marrer-bones, an' 'gun to pray.

"O Lord!" he says: "I never ast ye fur nuthin' afore," he says: "an' if y'll only help me out this time, I'll never ast ye fur nuthin' ag'in," he says: "But, O Lord," he says: "if ye can't help me, don't help the b'ar," he says: "an' ye'll see the dod-durndest b'ar-fight," he says: "th't ever shook up these woods!"

Speaking o' sayins', th' hain't no truer one th'n th't charity begins to hum. If thuz any feller ez wants to be char'table, an' hain't got no hum to b'gin at, I want to put it on record right here th't th' hain't a word in the good ole sayin' that prevents him from goin' right to work an' beginnin' at mine. E.D. MOTT.

ANIMAL INSTINCT.



COLORED BOY.—"Colored man at the door."

MISTRESS.—"How do you know it's a colored man?"

C. B.—"Cos I jist seed der chickens fly fur der coop."

HORSECARCERATION.

(Second Term.)

"Hi, there!"

I tear down the steps of my house, waving my arms frantically. I try to whistle on my fingers, but find that I have lost the art. Meanwhile the car is going by the end of the street.

Half-way to the corner I pass my stout neighbor, Film, rolling leisurely along. He, poor devil, can't run.

Ting!

The car has finally stopped some distance down the avenue. I plunge madly through the slush, and finally gain the rear platform. Flushed, perspiring, breathless, spattered with mud, I enter the car and sit down.

The car does not start. Upon investigation I find that the driver has got down, and is shortening the traces. Everybody looks at me and smiles. No doubt I do look absurd, under the circumstances; still, I got the car, and Film didn't.

One very pleasant smile across the way arrests my attention. Yes, it is pretty Miss So-and-So, whom I have secretly admired for years. I bow, and, while doing so, observe an empty seat next her.

Confound it! Why the deuce didn't I take that seat instead of the one where I am when I came in? There were only two empty places, and I took the wrong one. I hesitate about changing my seat now. Perhaps she won't like it. Perhaps, on the contrary, she will. She glances invitingly at me. I'll do it. I am just on the point of rising, when—

Ting! ting!

The car starts, and at the same instant Film enters, cool, calm, spotless, and seats himself beside Miss So-and-So. He is four times her age and fat, yet she greets him with effusion.

!!!

I can't hear what he says; but at intervals she laughs—as it seems to me, in a forced manner. The inconsiderate, doddering old ass is evidently admiring her, and she is politely endeavoring to conceal the fact. How much better for all parties it would have been if I had seated myself next her, instead of allowing Film to do so! I think she feels this. Poor girl!

I observe, presently, that every time she laughs they both look at me. It can't be that the infernal old fool is telling her about my running for this confounded car!

We stop for an instant, and I overhear him saying, slangily: "But I got there, all the same." Both laugh and look at me.

!!!

I feel that I am going to blush, so I make a pretext of fixing my overshoe, and stoop so that my face is concealed. This unfortunate action brings about two undesirable results. First, it makes me blush all the more through venous compression; secondly, it directs general attention to my bespattered legs.

I do not venture to look up for some time. When I do so, I find that Film has meanwhile got up and gone out, and that his place is occupied by a stranger.

!!!

Another opportunity lost. Wild thoughts of offering the stranger a quarter for his seat flit through my brain, which I am fortunately able to repress. Miss So-and-So is reading. She does not even look at me. No doubt she blames my stupidity in thus allowing two opportunities to pass by.

Luckily, I can still look at her. How pretty she looks as she reads, with down-cast eyes and a dimpling smile, a copy of PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1886! She laughs. She is evidently reading my contribution. I forgot to say that she is intelligent, as well as pretty.

I gaze upon her shapely head; I mentally kiss the little hand that holds the book.

ONE OF THOSE BIG FASHIONABLE DOGS.



LADY.—"Oh, don't mind Fido, Mr. Slim; he has been inoculated at Paris, and there is really no danger, even if he should bite."

Just then a man of enormous proportions enters the car. He walks along the aisle, with an aggravating appearance of intention, as far as my place, and stops directly in front of me, completely shutting out my view. He is, by the way, the only person standing in the car.

!!!

I crane my neck this way and that, but cannot get even a glimpse of Miss So-and-So. Presently the car stops, and a number of people get up and go out—among them herself. I attempt to rise, but, in my hurry, bring the crown of my hat against the fat man's elbow, and drive it down over my eyes. As I fall back into my seat, the fat man, in making room for a lady to pass, steps with his whole weight on my foot.

He apologizes. I beg him not to mention it. I mean this—it is bad enough without being discussed. Meanwhile the car has started again.

Ting!

I get off in a hurry. As I do so, I see Miss So-and-So in the distance, walking with a young man. I had planned just such a tableau myself, but had not expected to be a mere spectator.

Ting! ting!

F. E. CHASE.

IT MAKES A DIFFERENCE.

Broker's Clerk.—A man came in here a few minutes ago and offered to bet one hundred dollars to one dollar that Cleveland would be dead to-morrow.

Broker.—Did? Why, the infernal crank! Did you kick him out?

Clerk.—No. He put up the money.

Broker.—Did he? Well! well! What did you say was the gentleman's name?

GOOD ADVICE.

"You ought to be married, sir," said the phrenologist to the victim on the stage: "Yes, sir. You ought to be married. You have no right, sir, to have lived a bachelor so many years. Now, look at your clothes, sir! Who mended your coat, sir? Tell me that."

"My third wife, sir."

RANDOM REMARKS.

THE GOVERNOR of Arizona claims that he has recently taken such measures that the hostile Indians in the territory will be perfectly harmless in the future. We do not doubt His Excellency's word, but we should like to inquire how he has managed to keep the massacre out of the newspapers.

IN THE future there will be no Sunday theatrical performances in Cincinnati, and even the saloons will be closed on that day. From this we infer that the Cincinnati authorities had just as soon have another riot as not.

NO SHOW FOR PARLIAMENTARIANS.

"Did ye have a good time at the Social Coterie election last night?"

"Indade I did."

"Was there any fun?"

"Very little—that is, what you would call fun."

"Did you make any motions?"

"Jist wan; but the brick slipped out of me hand intirely, and the prident called me to order wid his club."

MRS. SPRIGGINS, who is much interested in the domestic education of women, was disgusted to find that the item, "A Sweeping Challenge," referred to "that plaguey sparrer," Sullivan, whom the good lady mentally confuses with that other plague, the English "sparrer," of which she has heard so frequently.

THE PAPERS are filled with dispatches from London and the East which are called "unconfirmed rumors." Judging from the depravity of most of them, they are not even baptized.

THE WASHINGTON papers state that an office-broker in that city was recently outrageously swindled by a customer. The name of the gentleman who performed the miracle is kept from the press, as he would not be able to use a monument at the present time, and cannot afford to pay storage.



CHORUS OF BRITISH AUTHORS:

Behold the Pirate Publisher stand,
Stealing our brains for Yankee-land;
He's rude, uncultured, bold and free—

THE PIRATE-PUBLISHER: You bet your life: The Law—that's Mc.

CHORUS OF FRENCH VICTIMS:

He takes our novels and plays
And never a red cent he pays
He is more Monarch than the King

THE P. P.: You bet your life: The Law—that's Mc.

THE PIRATE PUBLISHER.—AN INTERNATIONAL BURLESQUE



J. HEPLER

CHORUS OF GERMAN AND OTHER SUFFERERS:

The labors of our studios brains
All go to swell his sinful gains;
He ravages Norway and Germanee—

THE P. P.: You bet your life: The Law—that's Me.

CHORUS OF HUMBLE AMERICAN AUTHORS:

Though no one ever, in all this fuss,
Has thought of according rights to us—
Remember we're pillaged across the sea—

THE P. P.: Who cares for them: The Law—that's Me.

CHORUS OF GERMAN AND OTHER SUFFERERS:
Our novels and plays,
A red cent pays;
Monarchs the Grand Louis—
Our life: That's Me.

THE P. P.: THAT HAS HAD THE LONGEST RUN ON RECORD.

CONFESSION OF A HASH-EATER.

With Apologies to De Quincey.

SECTION I.

How I first became a hash-eater I cannot remember. Memory, as well as conscience, has been blighted by the terrible habit. I know it was away back in the days of my childhood that I first tasted the insidious concoction. I think it was in my father's house, and I believe it must have been on a wash-day. My mother—my good mother—little dreaming of the awful consequences that would ensue, had made over the remnants of the Sunday's turkey into hash.

When Eve ate of the apple, her eyes were opened to a knowledge of good and evil. So were mine when I ate of the turkey-hash. That was good hash. I knew it. I knew that there was worse hash in the world. I did not care. I glorified in it.

"There are worse things waiting for men than death
By the door of life, by the gates of breath."

From turkey-hash it was but a step to corned-beef-hash. From corned-beef-hash it was hardly a hop to mutton-hash. And thence what? *Facilis decensus Avernii.*

When once the tiger or lion has tasted blood, it never rests till it has more.* I was like the tiger, or the lion; I don't know which. I had my first taste, and I wanted more.

Slowly, but steadily, the dread habit grew upon me. I had a dull gnawing pain in my vitals whenever half-a-day passed without my obtaining hash. I would steal away, unknown to my father and mother, and spend the pennies they gave me for the heathen on hash.

Reader, have you ever known what it meant to be the slave of a degrading appetite? Have you ever known what it meant to hunger or thirst after something which you would not have your friends know you liked? Oh, the humiliation of it! Oh, the pity of it! Hash!

Shall I tell you all that I became under the dread influence of this fatal habit? Shall I describe to you how I sank day by day from the proud estate of a promising young man, until I became what you see me now?

* See Mr. Stedman's poem in the February *Century*.

What, Reader, do you think drove me to the verge of emotional insanity, and caused me to write verses like these?

Oh, eternal mystery!
Paradox of history!
Man's internal twistery!
Supernal and sublime!
Squelcher of agility!
Breeder of senility!
Father of debility!
And blushing nurse of crime!

The wan and weary lover, he
Will find a turtle dovery,
In which he may discover he
Has everything but cash;
But he has the ability
To live in true tranquility,
And peaceful sweet humility,
Who feeds each day on hash.

Think of that, Reader. Think of a man who could sink so low as that. But I have fallen even lower than that. Harken to this:

Hash! hash! hash!
On thy cold gray plates each day;
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that I dare not say.

Oh, well for the fisherman's lad
That he feeds on codfish-cake;
And well for the grocer's son
That he gnaws the boarding-house steak.

And the stately roasts go on
To the rich man on Fifth Avenue;
And the cutlets and chops and broils
Smoke strong and make the air blue.

Hash! hash! hash!
They are none of them like unto thee;
For thou art made up of them all,
And thou fillest the void in me.

I know not, Reader—I suppose your name is Reader—whether I should go on, and disclose to you more of the secrets of my degradation. But hold! There is one more. Murder will out. Here, look at this:

Hash, brothers, hash with care,
Hash in the presence of the cheap boardaire.
Turkey-hash for the star boardaire;
Corned-beef-hash for the third-floor pair;
Mutton-hash for the girl with red hair.
Hash, brothers, hash with care;
Hash, and a guaranteed full nightmare.

Reader, I can go no further now. Perhaps hereafter I may tell you darker secrets. Surely, none can be more dismal.

W. J. HENDERSON.

PUCK'S VIEWS AND REVIEWS.

"After His Kind," by John Coventry, [Henry Holt & Co.,] is a well written and interesting story, with some touches in it of genuine dramatic power.

A story has recently been going the rounds entitled "The Dream Wife." We suppose her specialty was being too sound asleep to know what time her lord came in.

"Broken Bonds" is the title of a new novel. In spite of this, we incline to the belief that the old way of cutting bonds will still retain its popularity with the moneyed classes.

Outing has a department called "The Editor's Open Window." After the poet has tried it, he ought to drop around here and be introduced to PUCK's open hatchway.

A book has just been published entitled "England, as Seen by an American Banker." It would now be proper to get out a book on Canada, as seen the same way.

"The Shop-Girls of Paris" is the title under which a translation of Zola's "Bonheur des Dames" is published by T. B. Peterson & Bros. It is unnecessary to say that certain aspects of Parisian life are shown in this book with all the skill for which Zola is celebrated. The subject matter of the tale, however, is not of the most alluring sort.

Miss Genevieve Stebbins has written a book explaining the Delsarte system of dramatic expression. Miss Stebbins is the woman for whom the world has long been looking. If she can explain the Delsarte system, she can probably also explain the spoils system. No reasonable person has been able to understand it yet.

"Art, and the Formation of Taste," [Garnet Series, Chautauqua Press,] consists of six lectures by Lucy Crane, with illustrations by Thomas and Walter Crane. Miss Crane is well known as an apostle of decorative art, who does not believe in allowing a spade to look like a spade. Miss Crane's mission is a good one, and though in the present book she devotes sixty-six pages to decorative art and thirty-four to painting, we can forgive her, because Ruskin still lives, and is trying to teach us. Miss Crane's remarks on decorative art are as full of instruction as a gas-meter, and as inspiring as a hornet on his summer vacation. The drawings by Thomas and Walter may have been good; but the wood-cuts are in a style which has been improved upon within the last fifty years.

"La Faustin," by Edmond de Goncourt, [Peterson & Bros.,] purports to be a study in romance founded on the life of Rachel. Perhaps it is; but it is a good thing for the author that Rachel is not where she can get at him, or he would have a chance to make a practical study of her in real life. The book has some merit, however. It is strongly bound in stout paper.

"Dancing," by Allen Dodworth, [Harpers,] is one of those books which no well regulated family can do without. It not only tells what to dance and how to dance, but also why people dance, which is to many minds one of the problems of the age. In solving this problem Mr. Dodworth has conferred a boon upon humanity, and has administered a telling blow against those who imagine that dancing was invented simply for the purpose of keeping in existence certain circles of society which would fall to pieces without it.

"Readings from Ruskin," [Garnet Series, Chautauqua Press,] is one of a little series of extracts from good writers. This book contains some of Mr. Ruskin's remarks on the poetry of architecture, on the cottage in England, France and Italy, on the villa in Italy, and on St. Mark's. It is hardly necessary to say anything about the fact that Mr. Ruskin's writings on art are always interesting to the unprofessional reader, as well as instructive to the artist. Every one knows that. The average art critic is an unfathomable sort of person to the average reader. Mr. Ruskin is not. Enough said. The chapter on the Italian villa, however, contains some talk about the fitness of houses to their surroundings which ought to be committed to memory by every architect. If they were, some of our present houses would be immediately surrounded by Sheol.

ANSWERS FOR THE ANXIOUS.

S. P.—There is nothing the matter with your little jest, except its extreme old age. It has passed the statutory period, and is qualified for retirement.

R. P. W.—We cannot conscientiously advise you to take up literature as a profession. Believe us, it is possible to be happy in other walks of life. The walk behind the plow might suit your situation, if you are half as rugged as your verses.

CRASHAW.—No, dear boy, it is hardly a poem, the thing you have sent us. It may be a crazy-quilt—it may be almost anything. But it is not a poem. There was one poet in your family, once upon a time; but the virus seems to have become attenuated in the course of years. And we doubt, Crashaw, we really doubt whether your family will feel the loss very keenly.

A GREAT REVIVAL OF INTEREST IN RELIGION.



Yes, this is the Congregation of the Wayup Church; but the Congregation is not going to the Wayup Church. The Congregation is going to Attend the Trial of its Beloved Pastor.

THE CHROMO'S TALE.

I am greatly dissatisfied with my lot, for I lead a life that knows not the cheery sunbeam. I am a chromo, and I can say from the depths of my soul—if I have one, which I sometimes doubt—oh, pity the sorrows of a poor old chromo. I was one of the first chromos made, and, as a high-priced and popular novelty, was purchased by a wealthy merchant, and ushered into a refined and sumptuous home.

After I had hung in the parlor for something like a year, chromos became so cheap that every one had them, and dealers commenced to give them as premiums to the purchaser of every pound of tea. All the land was red-white-and-blue with them, and I was taken out of the parlor and hung in the dining-room, from whose walls I was removed about two years later, and presented to a brother of my original owner, who was poor, and said to have no knowledge of high art.

He was very fond of me, and so was the whole family, in fact, because I was the only picture in the house. The amount of admiration lavished upon me made me very happy, and I was more than satisfied with my new home. Perhaps it would not be out of place to say that I represent a child about two years of age, in a blue dress, sitting in a parlor on a yellow rug, in front of a very scarlet fire, chewing the muzzle of a brown revolver. This has caused many to shudder on beholding me, and others to indulge in laughter and remarks anything but complimentary. But I look upon myself as a striking allegory of Peace. I think the innocent babe, masticating the muzzle of a derringer at will, is as suggestive a picture of amenity as the lion dreaming with the lamb. But no one else seems to take this kindly view of me. Even my second owner, who admired me so much at first, alluded to me as a circus-poster after I had been on his wall a month, and one of his daughters suggested that it would be a good scheme to have me dyed. Another said the best way out of the trouble would be to have me draped with mosquito-netting, in order that I could not be seen, and that I might be considered a masterpiece, protected against flies and cobwebs.

I know I should have been consigned to the flames without hesitation, had not my second owner been under obligations to my first owner, his brother. The rich brother frequently called on the poor brother, and the latter was afraid of offending him by removing me. After a while, however, they took me down, and kept me in the cellar. One of the children was stationed at the window, to watch for the approach of the wealthy brother who had donated me. As soon as he was sighted the alarm was given, and I was hastily brought from the cellar and hung in my accustomed place until after he was gone, when I was hurried back and stood against the coal-bin.

It was not a great while before my second owner made a fortune, or, as his family vulgarly termed it, struck oil. So he bought a grand house, furnished it handsomely, and purchased oil-paintings, statuary and *bric-à-brac*. He wanted to burn me up in the worst way; but he refrained, for fear of his brother hearing of it, and withholding his patronage in case it was ever needed.

In order to hang me with the costly paintings, he bought a gold frame that was, perhaps, the finest one in the room, and placed me in it. Then my real trouble began.

Every piece of furniture in the room said I was not fit to be in such company.

"The idea of a tea-store chromo, that belongs by association in the kitchen, being hung in the parlor!" said the forty-dollar leather-covered chair, rocking itself to and fro with emotion.

THE AGE OF HAND-BOOKS.—NO. I.



"I tell you, these hand-books are a big thing. I painted this picture of my wife after reading 'How to Become a Perfect Portrait-Painter in Two Hours.' Splendid likeness, isn't it?"

"I wish I could kick high enough," murmured the brass tongs: "I'll bet a coal-mine I'd kick the pistol down the child's throat."

"I'm so glad I'm blind," said the little God of Love on the mantelpiece: "for it really must be a dreadful daub."

"And I am thankful," remarked a stuffed bird: "that I have glass eyes, and cannot see."

"I'm glad I'm covered up," said the piano.

"If we were not hidden by this Japanese screen," growled the brass dogs: "we should proceed to bark ourselves hoarse."

Then the curtains rustled, and the books flapped themselves open and shut, while the feather duster tried to pluck itself.

Then the nail and cord and frame that held me protested against holding me longer.

This made me feel very uncomfortable, I can assure you; I felt like a beggar among kings, a codfish among trout, a cabbage among cauliflowers, an onion among hyacinths.

The coal sent all its gas out into the room, in order that the casement might be opened. This let the wind come in, which swayed me to and fro hard enough to assist the nail in loosening itself, which it did in a very brief period, and down I went to the floor. The frame was badly shattered, but I was not injured at all. The figures in the other pictures writhed and jumped with delight. The poker lost its balance and fell down, and the brass dogs seemed to laugh from ear to ear, as they panted in the heat of the cannel.

As the frame was broken, I was taken upstairs, and was not brought down until my owner moved again, this time to a more magnificent mansion. I happened to be put on the truck with my old enemies and tormentors, the parlor furniture.

"You seem about as loud as ever," remarked one of the big chairs.

"If I were covered with red plush, as you are," I replied: "and looked as though just getting over an attack of scarlatina, I should not accuse others of being loud."

The red plush chair said nothing in reply,

but suddenly kicked out backward, and sent its hind-legs clear through me. I was marked for all time, but at the end of the journey I was sewed up. The job was not very skillfully done, because the muzzle of the revolver is sewed into the baby's nose, while one of the baby's feet is drawn into the fire, without disturbing its expression of good-humor. The most ludicrous part of it, however, is that the angelic smile is worn by the child on its forehead, and the sewing was all done with green thread, which appears strange in the fire.

I have been put in a store-room, where I still am standing against the wall. Recently they put a Gordon setter-puppy in the room, and he, too, dislikes me. He will persist in keeping behind me all day, although he has a comfortable box of straw in front of me to sleep in. He will never come out from behind me until after dark.

I feel that I am a poor down-trodden and ridiculed thing. I wish the pistol would go off and kill the baby, and the fire spill out of the grate and burn me up. But I have the satisfaction of knowing that the aristocratic brass nail that dropped me off the wall now holds a ham in the cellar, and the red cord of the same date is tied around a junk-barrel in the garret, in lieu of a hoop. And the pictures that so delighted in my downfall, the time that they writhed and jumped with delight, wrought their own punishment. For when they got twisted out of shape, they remained so, and now they are about the worst and most ludicrously out-of-drawing pictures that you, I, or any one else ever saw in this or any other country. That is what they got for ridiculing and condemning instead of pitying the sorrows of a poor old chromo.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

CHANGING THE SUBJECT.—Making an Englishman a Citizen.

NO JOKE—The Reply of the End-Man.

NO HOPE FOR HIM.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 23rd, 1886.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

I write to you for advice. I will state my case as briefly as possible. About five years ago a creature bearing the semblance of a man appeared in our office, (the United States Refuge for Incapables,) taking subscriptions for a work entitled "Masterpieces of Hottentot Art," in one hundred and twenty parts, at one dollar each, one part to be delivered monthly. I saw him coming in time to dodge out, and managed to avoid him for one hour and thirteen and a half minutes, thus wasting government time to the amount of \$500.3925. But all in vain, at last; for, on coming back to my room, I found him sitting at the desk quietly reading my newspaper, secure in the certainty of my having ultimately to return. Seeing retreat hopeless, I held up my hands and said:

"I surrender. Don't say a word. Where's your paper? There, I've signed; now please go."

And, having accomplished his unholy purpose, he did go, and I have never seen him since.

I had never known before that there was such a thing as art among the Hottentots, and I did not care in the least to possess any of its masterpieces. Like the Southern people, I only wanted to be let alone. Besides, I had grave misgivings as to the forthcomingness of the monthly dollar. But at first I did not grasp the full significance of the fact that Messrs. Chippy and Company, of Philadelphia, had secured a first mortgage on me for ten years. After five years of bitter experience, I have awakened to a consciousness of the awful reality. After the first six months the deliverer (of the books—mine has not yet appeared) began to show his hand by bringing two "parts" at once, without a word of apology. Next he brought three; then four; and finally, one day, when I was making arrangements to take my *optima puella* to the opera, he turned up with five, saying that I was "a little behind"! No opera, no best girl.

From that fatal day up to the present moment he has been, so to speak, a day-nightmare to me—an old man of the sea. If ever my cash capital is reduced to one cherished buzzard dollar, if ever I am compelled to negotiate a small loan for actual running expenses, the

enemy of my peace is certain to appear with his customary Bland smile and his inevitable "part" or "parts." I am now the possessor of over sixty of these treasures, and storage is becoming scarce. I might, indeed, refuse to take any more, but, unfortunately, I am afflicted with a nice sense of honor, which will not permit me to break a contract, however onerous. I have offered to present my sixty or more parts to any short-sighted mortal who would relieve me of those to follow—but in vain. I have violated every requirement of friendship to this end, all to no purpose. I have even offered to dispose of my nice sense of honor (before referred to) cheap for cash, but the invariable answer is that in a commercial country like ours such a possession is always an inconvenience.

Now, my dear Mr. Editor, my circumstances are modest even to the point where modesty ceases to be a virtue. I am no longer young, and my constitution warns me that I must not expect long life. If this thing continues, it must end in financial collapse, or even worse. If you can point out to me any means of relief, you may believe me, more than ever,

Your friend,

DAMOCLES.

WHEN dollars and religion are mixed together in business, the dollars always come to the top.—*Philadelphia Call*.

VOLUME XVIII.

of PUCK will be completed FEBRUARY 24th, 1886.

Orders for bound copies should be placed now.

Unbound copies of Volume XVIII., if in good condition, will be exchanged for bound copies.

In Cloth for - - - - \$1.25

In Half Morocco for - - 2.00

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this remedy, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.



MISTRESS.—"Did you clean all the paint in this kitchen with that little basin?"
GIRL.—"Certainly, ma'am, for I use Sapallo. And you must admit that it is clean."
MISTRESS.—"Indeed, I do, but I was wondering whether such a thing was possible."

THEFT OF REPUTATION.

Theft is not confined to stealing money. Indeed, that is the least common form of theft. Men who sell other cheap scouring soaps when they are asked for Sapallo (not unfrequently representing them to be the genuine article), steal our reputation, our money, our good name, and not this only—they cheat their customers. Honest merchants, honest purchasers, an honest trade and the honest community should turn away from all such practices, and determine not to cheat or be cheated.

What is Sapallo? It is a solid, handsome cake of scouring soap, which has no equal for all scouring purposes except the laundry. To use it is to value it. What will Sapallo do? Why, it will clean paint, make oil cloths bright, and give the floors, tables and shelves a new appearance. It will take the grease off the dishes, and off the pots and pans. You can scour the knives and forks with it, and make the tin things shine brightly. The wash-basin, the bath tub, even the greasy kitchen sink, will be as clean as a new pin if you use Sapallo. One cake will prove all we say. Be a clever housekeeper and try it. Beware of imitations. There is but one Sapallo. Enoch Morgan & Sons Co., N. Y.

Fred : ✧

✧ Brown's ✧

✧ Ginger.

For a

Bad Stiff Neck.

Rub well with **FRED:**

BROWN'S GINGER and wrap up the neck with flannel wet with **FRED: BROWN'S GINGER.** When you go to bed

take a hot drink made of some very hot (boiling) water and a teaspoonful or two of **FRED: BROWN'S GINGER.** (Sweeten to suit your taste.) This advice followed will do much good. **TRY IT.**

FOR WINTER WEAR.
WARM AND DURABLE.

OUR NEW

Kerseys, Meltons, Beavers, etc., in every conceivable shade.

For Overcoats to measure from \$18.00.

Foreign and Domestic Cassimeres, Cheviots, Worsted, etc., of every known style and quality.

SUITS to measure from \$20.00.

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and

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PROF. DOREMUS ON**TOILET SOAPS:**

"You have demonstrated that a perfectly pure soap may be made. I, therefore, cordially commend to ladies and to the community in general the employment of your pure 'La Belle' toilet soap over any adulterated article."



Is made from the choicest quality of stock, and contains a LARGE PERCENTAGE of GLYCERINE; therefore it is specially adapted for Toilet, Bath and Infants.

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GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

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NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.
Advertisements or changes of Advertisements on 12th, 13th and 14th pages of PUCK must be handed in on Wednesday before 3 P. M.
Forms of the 15th page are closed Friday at noon.

In days of a past that has flown,
When dead folks were buried, I ween,
The dying one feebly would groan:
"Please see that my grave is kept green."

Cremation, alas, has to-day
This saying completely abolished.
It is now the custom to say:

"Just see that my urn is kept polished."
—Chicago Rambler.

A rich diamond-field, one hundred miles long, has been discovered in Georgia, as an offset to the discovery of natural gas in Pennsylvania. The opening of this new diamond-field explains the sudden fall in real diamonds from two and a half dollars a dozen to fifty cents apiece.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

It is a marked indication of the inward cussedness of a man's nature that he invariably feels aggrieved when he buys an accident-insurance policy, and then travels five thousand miles without so much as a stone-bruise.—*Philadelphia Call.*

MR. TODHUNTER has written a play in which Mrs. Langtry will appear in the spring. The name of the author, by the way, will be recalled to the audience every time a young man goes out between the acts of the play.—*Norristown Herald.*

"HERE, Johnnie, what do you mean by taking Willie's cake away from him? Didn't you have a piece for yourself?"

"Yes, but you told me I always ought to take my little brother's part."—*Palmer Journal.*

AT THE ANTIQUARY'S.—Collector of Curios.—Have you any genuine Roman falchions?

Dealer (off his guard).—I am sorry, but they're all being rusted, and won't be ready until next week.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"WHY are two buttons put on the back of a man's coat?" asks a writer. We don't know, unless it is that when a man wants a piece of string he can usually find it there.—*Burlington Free Press.*

BEES near a distillery stay drunk all the time, and make no honey. Bees are a good deal like men. They don't care for honey when they can get beer.—*Drake's Travelers' Magazine.*

A NUMBER of Philadelphia ladies have formed an association to do mending for bachelors. It is conjectured that they "sew that they may reap."—*Norristown Herald.*

An exchange says: There are more puns made on Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup free of charge, than are paid for by the owners. A good thing deserves the not ce of the press.

Frenchmen can properly be called the "Knights of the table." They are good judges in all its refinements and delicacies. In order to stimulate the appetite and keep the digestive organs in good order they give preeminence to *Angostura Bitters*. When you try them be sure it is the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

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"NO, FATHER, I am shocked that you should even for a moment think that I would do so unlady-like a thing as to smoke. I have to put up with Augustus's horrid habit of smoking cigarettes; but I should consider it most improper to join him in the vile practice."

"That is well, my daughter. I am glad to see that you have such eminently correct sentiments on the subject. Your principles are highly creditable to you. And now if you will ascend to your room and wash that bit of rice-paper off your under lip, you will look better when you go to teach your Sunday-school class."

This is one of the accidents that will happen in the best regulated families. All others are provided for in the policies of the United States Mutual Accident Association, 320 Broadway, New York.

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Through the failure of a large manufacturer of Cashmere Shawls, there has come into our hands a large consignment of Plaid Shawls, perfect goods, which we propose to present to the ladies in the following manner: Send us 25 cents for 3 mos. subscription to *Farm and Household*, a large 32 page illustrated paper, devoted to Farm and Household topics, Stories and general miscellany, and we will send you one of these beautiful shawls FREE by mail postpaid, or we will send 5 shawls and 5 subscriptions to one address for \$1.00. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Address **FARM AND HOUSEHOLD, Hartford, Conn.**

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And at VANTINE'S, 577 Broadway, New York.

HUSBAND.—I wish you wouldn't go with that Mrs. Gloom.

WIFE.—Why, I'm sure she is a very respectable lady, and excellent company.

HUSBAND.—Yes, yes; but I'd rather you wouldn't be so friendly with her.

WIFE.—What objection have you to her?

HUSBAND.—Nothing, except that her husband is an undertaker. By and by she will be bringing him here, and as we have had a death recently in the family, people might think he is calling to collect his bill.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald*.

A constant dropping, it is commonly believed, will wear away a rock. This is somewhat of a fable, however. It depends upon the size of the rock and what it drops on. If a granite boulder, weighing several tons, should drop on a strong man, it would wear out the man from him to selvidge, and wouldn't perceptibly abrade the rock.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

A WOMAN in Bradford, Pa., while sewing a button on her husband's vest, was instantly killed by a lamp-explosion. Still, we think it is a woman's duty to sew buttons on her husband's vest.—*Norristown Herald*.

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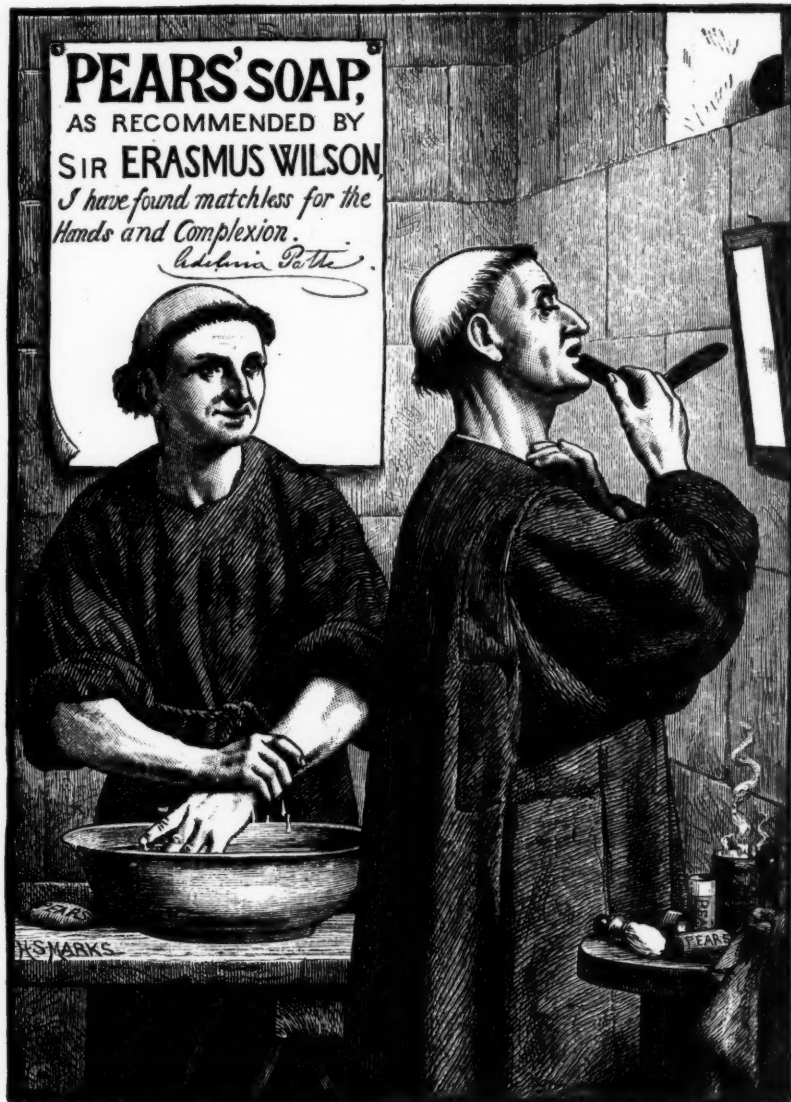
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"It has been a tough winter on your road," remarked a Chicago banker to the president of a Western line.

"Oh, no."

"But I see by the papers that you have been snowed under until you had to cancel all trains for a week at a time."

"Certainly; but that's the beauty of it. That's where all our profit comes in. If we can only keep 'em canceled for the next three months, we may look up toward a dividend."—*Wall Street News*.

A St. Louis girl, aged forty, with three million dollars, is about to marry a man of twenty-two. There is nothing very remarkable about it. The surprise will be manifested when a young man of twenty-two, with three million dollars, marries a girl aged forty.—*Norristown Herald*.

A HAIR restorer has no brains, and yet it is expected to do great head-work.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald*.

Numbers 9, 10, 26, 140, 163 and 418 of the English PUCK will be bought at this office at 10 cents per copy. In mailing please roll lengthwise.

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SPREADING THE BROOKLYN "EAGLE."

If it be true that those who sow the wind shall reap the whirlwind, a member of Congress should be kept busy all his vacations, gathering in his cyclone crop.

"Pa," said Olivia: "we ought to have a thermometer in the house. We don't—"

"There, now," shouted the old man, with the air of one who closes the discussion: "I don't want to hear another word about it! If ye had one, ye couldn't talk through it. Lem Haskins had one put in his house nigh a month ago, an' he's hollered himself hoarse, an' they've nigh about starved to death, tryin' to order their groceries through it. No good, I tell ye."

I notice some of the newspapers are making no end of fun of a Harvard graduate who could not tell who discovered America. Oh, well, my son, that is one of the things you don't learn in college. I am like the Harvard graduate; I do not know who discovered America. If you know, or think you know a man who does know, I wish you would tell me. I would give some money to learn just that much. I am also away down in the spelling-class. I cannot spell Shakespear as Shakspeare himself spelled it. I wish you would tell me the proper way of spelling that great man's name. I do not know why there are so many gray horses and no gray colts. I do not know whether the egg began with the hen, or the hen started with the egg. I can't understand why we can't find the North Pole, when we know right where it is. I don't know why a matinee should come in the afternoon. I don't know why a man wears buttons on the tail of his coat. I can't see what earthly use an elephant's tail is to him. I don't understand why people in town are always wild to go to the country, and people in the country are crazy to come to town. Why don't they change places at once, and be done with it? I do wish I could somewhere hear of a wise man who would devote a few hours every century to teaching me a few simple things that everybody ought to know, and that everybody, except myself, seems to know already.

—Robert J. Burdette.

NEARLY every day somebody unearths an "old rhyme" of a meteorological character—such as: "If February gives much snow, A fine summer it doth foreshow"; or, "If March is full of wind and rain, The farmer will have a good crop of grain." These "old rhymes" are now manufactured in every enterprising newspaper office, and they are verified as often as the "old rhymes" made a century ago. Here's one, for instance, that may be depended upon: "If in June, July and August no rain there be, A very dry summer you'll surely see."—*Norristown Herald*.

A STUDENT of human nature says anything can be sharpened. Put a lead-pencil in a woman's hands, and see.—*Binghamton Republican*.

MERCURY is represented with wings on his feet, but we looked in vain this morning for any flies on our thermometer.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

WAIST of time—The middle of the hourglass.—*Detroit Free Press*.

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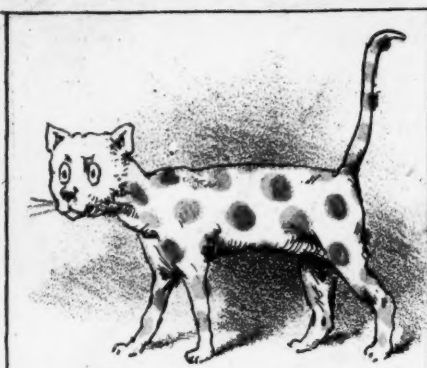
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